GREELY ADOLPHUS WASHINGTON

EXPLORERS AND TRAVELLERS

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PREFACE

The compiler of a series of sketches of American Explorers and Travellers experiences at the very outset a serious embarrassment from the superabundant wealth of original material at his command. The history of America for two hundred years after the voyage of Joliet has been the history of courageous, persistent, and successful exploration, wherein the track of the explorer, instantly serving as a trail for the pioneer, has speedily broadened into the wagon-road of invading immigrants.

Explorations and journeys of such an extent as in other and older lands would have excited praise and merited reward have been so frequent in this continent as to pass almost unnoticed. Hence the scope of this modest volume is necessarily confined to explorations of great importance or peculiar interest, and when made by men of American birth who are no longer living.

In deference to the author's advisers, two exceptions have been made – Du Chaillu and Stanley, Americans by adoption – otherwise African exploration, so wondrously successful in this generation and so fruitful in its results, would have been

unrepresented. Again, the unparalleled growth and progress of our American republic owes no small debt to the wealth of physical vigor and strong intellectuality contributed by its sturdy emigrants. These men, American in idea, purpose, and action, whose manhood outgrew the slow evolution of freedom in their natal country, merit recognition. What thousands of other naturalized citizens have industrially wrought of the wonderful and great in this country, these selected representatives have equalled in African exploration.

A chronological arrangement appeared best suited to these sketches, which from Joliet to Frémont exhibit the initiation, growth, and development of geographic discovery in the interior and western portions of the United States. Since the sketches rest very largely on original narratives some current errors at least have been avoided.

Generalization and criticism have been made always with reference to later exploration, which necessarily enhances or diminishes the importance of any original work.

I
LOUIS JOLIET,

Re-discoverer of the Mississippi

If one should ask which is the most important river basin in the world, there is no doubt that the Mississippi would be named, with its million and a quarter square miles of area and its twenty-five or more billions of aggregated wealth. Favored in climate, soil, and navigable streams, and endowed with practically inexhaustible veins of coal, copper, iron, and silver, feeding the world with its hundreds of millions of bushels of corn and wheat, and clothing it by other millions of bales of cotton, it is hardly so astonishing that within 217 years from its discovery by Joliet this greatest of river basins should be the abiding-place of twenty-seven and a half millions of people.

Speaking of Joliet, Bancroft wrote that his short voyage brought him immortality; but in the irony of fate his explorations have not even given his name a place in the last edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica. In writing on American explorers, it seems most fitting that this series of sketches should be headed by this Canadian, whose name is scarcely known by one in a thousand. That aught is obtainable concerning the details of

his life is due to the investigations of Shea, which later were admirably summed up by Parkman.

Louis Joliet, the son of John Joliet and Mary d'Abancour, was born at Quebec, September 21, 1645. His father was a wagon-maker, in the service of the Company of One Hundred Associates, then owners of Canada.

The son in youth was imbued with devout feelings, which, possibly fostered by the elder Joliet as certain to bring station and influence in manhood, led to his being educated in the Jesuit College for the priesthood, in which indeed he received the minor orders in 1662. Four years later, in the debates on philosophy, which were participated in by the Intendant and listened to by the colonial dignitaries, Joliet showed such skill as to elicit especial commendation from the Fathers.

His future career shows that his studies with the Fathers were not lost on him, and doubtless they contributed largely to make Joliet that intelligent, well-poised leader who filled with credit all duties and positions incident to his varied and adventurous life.

It is probable, however, that during all these years he was at heart a true voyageur, and that his thoughts turned continually from the cloister and books to the forest and its attractive life. Be this as it may, he practically abandoned all ideas of the priesthood at the age of twenty-two, and turned to the most certain, and indeed, in Canada, the only path to wealth, that of a trader in furs with the Indians. In this trade only the hardy, shrewd, intelligent, and tireless subordinate could hope to thrive and

rise. Success meant long and hazardous journeys into the very heart of the Indian country, where were needed great physical courage and strength, perfect skill with gun, paddle, axe, sledge, or snow-shoe, a thorough knowledge of wood-craft, indomitable will or casuistry and tact according to the occasion. To paddle a canoe from sunrise to sunset of a summer day, to follow the sledge or break a snow-shoe path before it as far as a dog can travel in a march, to track a moose or deer for leagues without rest, to carry canoes and heavy packs over long portages through an untravelled country, were the ordinary experiences of a voyageur, which were accomplished for the great part on a diet of smoked meat and boiled Indian corn, with no shelter in fair weather and the cover of an upturned canoe or bark hut in stress of storm.

Joliet did not long remain in private adventure, for in 1669 Talon, then Intendant of Canada, sent him to discover and explore the copper-mines of Lake Superior, in which quest he failed. It was on his return trip that Joliet met with La Salle and the priests Dolier and Galinée, on September 24, 1669, near the present town of Hamilton, in which direction Joliet's Indian guide had misled him when returning from Lake Erie, through fear of meeting enemies at the Niagara portage.

Joliet's facility for map-making in the field is evident from the fact that at this time he showed to the priests with La Salle a copy of the map that he had made of such parts of the upper lakes as he had visited, and gave them a copy of it. He moreover evidenced

continued interest in religious matters by telling them that the Pottowattamies and other Indian tribes of that region were in serious need of spiritual succor. La Salle later, in November, 1680, repaid this frank tender of information of the little-known west by intimating his belief that Joliet never went but little south of the mouth of the Illinois, and is also stated to have declared that Joliet was an impostor.

In his account of La Salle's last journey, Father Douay, referring to Joliet's discoveries as related by Marquette, says: "I have brought with me the printed book of this pretended discovery, and I remarked all along my route that there was not a word of truth in it."

The efforts to deprive Joliet of the credit of the original discovery of the Mississippi falls before the despatch of Count Frontenac to Colbert, then Minister, dated Quebec, November 14, 1674: "VI. Sieur Joliet, whom Monsieur Talon advised me, on my arrival from France, to despatch for the discovery of the South Sea, has returned three months ago, and discovered some very fine country, and a navigation so easy through the beautiful rivers he has found, that a person can go from Lake Ontario and Fort Frontenac in a bark to the Gulf of Mexico, there being only one carrying-place, half a league in length, where Lake Ontario communicates with Lake Erie… He has been within ten days of the Gulf of Mexico… I send you by my secretary the map he has made of it… He has lost all his minutes and journals in the shipwreck he suffered in sight of Montreal… He left with the

Fathers at Sault St. Marie copies of his journal."

But to return to the circumstances under which Joliet made the voyage. Among other orders of Louis XIV. regarding Canada was a charge to discover the South Sea and Mississippi, and Jean Talon, Intendant of Canada, lost no chance of furthering this object. La Salle's journey of 1670 had failed to reach the great river, though he descended the Ohio to the falls at Louisville, and at his recall in 1672 Talon had the subject of further exploration in hand. Joliet had lately returned from his unsuccessful efforts to discover copper mines on Lake Superior, during which he had probably been the first white man to pass through the Straits of Detroit. Despite his late failure he had impressed Talon as the man best fitted to lead such an expedition, and so before sailing for France the Intendant recommended Joliet for the work to Count Frontenac, the new Governor.

In those days the Church and Government went hand in hand, and but few French expeditions went westward from Montreal without a priest to carry the faith to such Indian tribes as were allies of France or liable to be won over. As Joliet's priest-associate, James Marquette, a young Jesuit, then a missionary at St. Esprit, La Pointe, Lake Superior, was chosen.

No better man could have been sent. Marquette was in the prime of life, an expert linguist – as he had learned in six years to speak fluently six Indian languages – gentle, patient, and tactful with the natives, devout in faith, singularly holy in life, fearless, imaginative, nature-loving and observant, as shown

by his journal, which, owing to Joliet's shipwreck, is the only original story of the voyage. His enthusiasm is shown by the opening sentences of his journal: "I have obtained from God the favor of being enabled to visit the nations on the Mississippi River, … and find myself in the happy necessity of exposing my life for the salvation of all these tribes, especially the Illinois."

Joliet followed the St. Lawrence to Fort Frontenac, at the entrance of Lake Ontario, and with the exception of the portage at the Falls of Niagara, skirted in his canoe the shores of the Great Lakes until he reached the Straits of Mackinaw, on the north side of which, at Point St. Ignace, he found the enthusiastic Marquette devotedly laboring for the spiritual welfare of the Hurons and Ottawas there gathered.

The contemplated line of travel was that of Jean Nicollet, an interpreter who had spent many years with the Indian tribes, who was sent in 1638 to bring about a peace between the Hurons and Winnebagoes who lived near Green Bay. After his negotiations he ascended the Fox River, and making a portage to the Wisconsin, descended that stream some distance, so that, as he thought, from the designation of "the great water" by the Indian guide to the Mississippi, he was within three days of the South Sea.

Joliet, however, was too practical to trust entirely to tradition or oral description. He had already carefully charted all that was definitely known of the western lake regions, and now at St. Ignace, with Marquette's invaluable assistance, gathered all

possible information from such Indians at the mission as had frequented the unknown country. This information being duly weighed and considered, Joliet extended his map to cover all the new country, marking thereon the navigable rivers, the names of nations and villages along their proposed route, the course of the great river, and other useful information.

Their means of subsistence and travel were the simplest imaginable, two canoes and as large quantities of smoked meat and Indian corn as could be conveniently carried. Their canoes were of the usual Canadian pattern, of birch-bark covering, stayed with spruce-root ribs and cedar-splint, with white-pine pitch smeared over the birch-bark joints so as to render them water-tight. Such canoes were of astonishing strength and carrying capacity, and of such lightness that four men could carry the largest across portages.

On a bright spring morning, May 17th, Joliet and Marquette, with five other men, left behind them the palisaded post and chapel of St. Ignace. Plying briskly their paddles from sunrise to sunset, they made rapid progress, coasting the lake shore until they turned aside to visit the Menominees, or Wild-rice Indians, whose village was on the river of that same name. Here inquiries for information of the "great river" brought from the savage allies strenuous efforts to dissuade them from visiting this Mississippi, where, they said, the unsparing ferocity of the tribes brought unfailing death by the tomahawk to even inoffensive strangers, and that war now raged among the intervening nations.

They further recited the dangers of navigating the rapids of the Great River, the presence of frightful water monsters who swallowed up men and canoes, the roaring demon who engulfed all travellers, and lastly the existence of such excessive heat as to ensure certain death. After religious instruction and service the explorers embarked in their canoes and soon reached the southern extremity of Green Bay, where, says Marquette, "our fathers labor successfully in the conversion of these tribes, having baptized more than 2,000."

Joliet from Green Bay entered Fox River, finding it a gentle, beautiful stream, promising easy and pleasant passage and abounding in wildfowl. Soon, however, these agreeable aspects gave way to the sterner phases of exploration, for sharp rapids were fallen in with where the strong and uncertain cross-currents often threatened the total destruction of their frail canoes, which would have proved fatal to their plans, by dashing them against the sharp bowlders.

A serious but lesser evil to these enduring voyagers was the injury to their mocassin-shod feet, which were cut and bruised by the sharp edges of the rocky bed of the river over which they slowly and painfully dragged their canoes for long distances.

The many rapids were safely passed, and on the 7th of June, 1673, our explorers reached an Indian town which marked the extreme western limits of French discoveries, being the farthest point reached by Nicollet in his adventurous journey.

In this town dwelt bands from three different tribes, the

Miamis, Maskoutens, or Fire Nation, and Kickapoos. The latter two were inferior in manners and appearance to the Miamis, who, more civil, liberal, and well-made, wore two long ear-locks that Marquette thought becoming; besides they were reputed warriors, who rarely failed in their forays. They proved docile, attentive, and interested in religious matters, as was shown not only by their talk with Father Allouez, but also by a cross standing in the centre of the town, which was adorned with votive offerings of skins, belts, bows and arrows to the Great Manitou for an abundance of game during the dreaded famine time of winter.

The Indians used for their beds mats, probably made of rushes, which in default of bark also served as material for the walls and roofs of their unsubstantial shelters. Since Marquette refers to the advantage of such building material as capable of being rolled up and easily moved during hunts, it is probable that this town was of a temporary character. It appears to have been well located, being on an eminence, whence the approach of an enemy or the presence of game could be readily observed in the open country. Marquette says of it: “The view is beautiful and very picturesque, for from the eminence on which it is perched are seen stretching out on every side, as far as eye can reach, prairies broken by thickets or groves of lofty trees.” The Indians grew much corn, and gathered wild plums and “grapes, from which,” his thoughts turning to home, he says, “good wine could be made if they chose.”

Joliet lost no time, but immediately on arrival assembled the sachems and told them that he was sent by his Governor to discover new countries. He made them a present and asked that two guides be sent to show him the way, which resulted in the gift to Joliet of a mat to serve as a bed, and the sending of two Miamis as guides.

The next day, June 10th, they proceeded, two Miamis and seven Frenchmen in two canoes, up the river to the portage, through a net-work of marshes, little lakes, and meandering channels so hidden by the wild rice that their guides were very useful. Conducting Joliet to a portage of 2,700 paces, and assisting in the transportation of the canoes across it, the Miamis then returned, leaving the explorers "alone in an unknown country, in the hands of Providence."

Before launching their canoes into strange waters, which were to bear them into unknown lands, they knelt on the bank and offered up devout aspirations to God for continued success. The new river was the Weskousing (Wisconsin), whose broad shallows and sandy bottom, while rendering navigation slow and very laborious, yet contrasted delightfully with the rocky rapids of the Fox.

Father Marquette sets forth delightfully the ideal voyage down this stream, past vine-clad islets, along sloping banks, now bordered by the lovely prairie, with its sweet odors of fresh grasses and blooming flowers, and anon fringed by the primeval forest, beautiful with its tangle of shrubbery and in its

June foliage. The gnarled oak, the straight walnut, the elegant whitewood, and other stately trees of unknown species met their vision at times, while again their eyes scarcely separated from the heavens the distant horizon of the green level plains, whose luxuriant vegetation afforded the richest pasturage for numerous herds of deer and moose, and in spots showed the fertility of its alluvial soil by the fields of Indian corn.

Each morning, before they relaunched their canoes, they attuned their voices to the praise of God, and, in their unique joy of successful discovery, must have felt on those delightful June days that their devotions had not been uplifted in vain. From sunrise to sunset they labored unceasingly, now paddling briskly along the deep reaches, and then struggling stoutly through mazes of shallows and sand-bars, where tedious and frequent portages were patiently made.

Each evening their hearts rejoiced and their tired limbs found delightful repose at some spot where Joliet's judgment directed the canoes to be drawn out, inspected, and upturned by some, while others started the camp-fire and prepared the evening meal. This camp was always so placed that the approach of an enemy could be seen from afar, and where fuel for fire and branches for bedding were at hand. The best hunter was told off for game, and rarely did the meal lack fresh meat or fruit and berries in season. After supper the soothing pipe, prayers and songs of praise, and then under the over-arching trees such sound slumber as only comes to men sleeping under the open sky.

As they advanced it was often possible to use sail and relieve the men to some extent from the fatigue of the paddle, and such rapid progress was made that, on June 17th, they safely entered the long-desired Mississippi, "with a joy," writes Marquette, "which I cannot express." They were then in latitude 43° 03′ N., opposite the site of the present city of Prairie du Chien.

Turning eagerly southward, their progress facilitated by the gentle current of the Mississippi, they journeyed more than a hundred leagues without seeing on the land aught save birds and beasts. The solitude of the great river appalled them: a vast torrent of rolling water, bordered by forest and plain, so well fitted for the happiness of man, and yet no human being in all this land! What could it mean, and what would be the outcome? Joliet, of long experience with savage tribes, and astute in forest craft, distrusted the silence and solitude, and kept as keen guard as though on the war-path. A tiny camp-fire was built only for meals, and the nights were passed in the crowded canoes as far from shore as it was possible to anchor them in the deep river. Even then strict watch was kept, and every strange or unusual noise excited feelings of trepidation lest a hidden foe be the cause.

Their journey by day was not entirely devoid of incident and excitement, says Marquette. "From time to time we met monstrous fishes, one of which struck the canoe so violently I took it for a large tree. Another time we perceived on the water a monster [probably an American tiger-cat] with a head

like a tiger and a pointed snout like the wild-cat, with beard and ears erect, a grayish head, and entirely black neck." They cast their nets successfully, and once caught a spade-fish, whose appearance caused much astonishment. In 41° 28′ N. latitude (near Rock Island), wild turkeys took the place of wild fowl; while as to animals, only buffalo were seen, being so numerous and fearless as to be easily killed, and thus offering a welcome change of food. These new beasts presented themselves to our explorers as hideous, especially those with thick, long manes falling over their eyes in such tangles as to prevent their seeing clearly. Marquette records that the Indians tan buffalo-skins into beautiful robes, which they paint into various colors; and further recites the ferocity of the buffalo as yearly causing the death of some Indian. When near the present city of Keokuk, at the mouth of the Des Moines River, on June 25th, they perceived the first signs of man in all this solitude: foot-prints by the riverside, and then a beaten path, which, entering a beautiful prairie, impressed them as leading to some Indian village.

They had journeyed seventeen days without seeing the face of man, and so, after deliberation, they resolved to visit the village; this decision doubtless being urged by Marquette, who for years had sought by prayer "to obtain of God the grace to be able to visit the nations on the river Mississippi," and who now would allow no danger to deter him. Joliet was fully aware of the great risk, and took most careful precautions to ensure the safety of their canoes and people by charging them

strictly to beware of surprise, while he and Marquette ventured to put themselves at the discretion of an unknown savage people. Cautiously following the little path in silence across the beautiful prairie and through the thickets for a distance of two leagues, they suddenly came in view of an Indian village, picturesquely placed on a river bank, and overlooked by two others on a neighboring hill; they pressed on with successful caution and silence, but with much doubt and fear. Having, as Marquette says, "recommended ourselves to God with all our hearts," and "having implored his help, we passed on undiscovered, and came so near we even heard the Indians talking." Stepping into the open, they halted and announced themselves by a loud cry; at which the Indians rushed out of their cabins, and recognizing them as French, and seeing a "Blackgown" (the well-known Indian name for a Jesuit), sent four of their chief warriors forward. Two chiefs, carrying calumets, or tobacco-pipes, elaborately trimmed with various feathers, advanced very slowly and in silence, lifting their calumets as if offering them for the sun to smoke. Marquette, encouraged by their friendly attitude, and still more on seeing that they wore French cloth, broke the silence; to which the Indians answered that they were Illinois, who, in token of peace, presented their pipes to smoke and invited the strangers to their village.

Joliet and Marquette were received at the door of a wigwam, as was usual for strangers, by an old chief, who stood perfectly naked, with outstretched hands raised toward the sun, as if to

screen himself from its rays, which nevertheless passed through the open fingers to his face. As they came near him, he said: "How beautiful is the sun, O Frenchmen, when thou comest to visit us. All our town awaits thee, and thou shalt enter all our cabins in peace." After smoking the calumet, they went by invitation to visit the Great Sachem of all Illinois, at a near village. With good nature and childish curiosity, a throng of Indians went along, and says Marquette, "could not tire looking at us; they threw themselves on the grass by the wayside; they ran ahead, then turned and walked back to see us again, all in silence, with marks of great respect." They were received by the Great Sachem and two old chiefs, all naked and with their calumet turned to the sun. After smoking the calumet, Marquette, speaking in Algonquin, said that they marched in peace to visit the nations on the river to the sea; that God their Creator had pity, and had sent his messenger to make him known as their Creator, whom they should acknowledge and obey; that Frontenac had spread peace everywhere; and last asked for all the information they had of the sea and the nations between them and it.

The Sachem answered in a beautiful speech worthy of the occasion:

"I thank thee, Blackgown, and thee, Frenchman," addressing M. Joliet, "for taking so much pains to come and visit us; never has the earth been so beautiful, nor the sun so bright, as to-day; never has our river been so calm, nor so free from rocks,

which your canoes have removed as they passed; never has our tobacco had so fine a flavor, nor our corn appeared so beautiful as we behold it to day. Here is my son, that I give thee, that thou mayst know my heart. I pray thee to take pity on me and all my nation. Thou knowest the Great Spirit, who has made us all; thou speakest to him and hearest his words: ask him to give me life and health, and come and dwell with us, that we may know him."

It is interesting to note the condition of the Illinois when first visited. Their chiefs wore over the left shoulder a belt, ingeniously made of the hair of bear and buffalo, which passed around the waist and ended in a long fringe; arm, knee, and wrist bands of deer or buffalo-skin, and the rattles of deer hoofs were also worn, and the face was painted with red ochre. In addition to abundant game, they raised beans, melons, squashes, and Indian corn. Their dishes were of wood, their spoons of the bones of buffalo, their knives stone, their arms, bows and arrows with an occasional gun bought from other tribes.

The word calumet is due to Father Marquette, and his description of this interesting Indian pipe and its uses among the Indians over two hundred years ago is best given in his own words:

"It now remains for me to speak of the calumet, than which there is nothing among them more mysterious or more esteemed. Men do not pay to the crowns and sceptres of kings the honor they pay to it. It seems to be the god of peace and war, the arbiter of life and death. Carry it about you and show it, and

you can march fearlessly amid enemies, who even in the heat of battle lay down their arms when it is shown. Hence the Illinois gave me one, to serve as my safeguard amid all the nations that I had to pass on my voyage. There is a calumet for peace and one for war, distinguished only by the color of the feathers with which they are adorned, red being the sign of war. They use them also for settling disputes, strengthening alliances, and speaking to strangers. It is made of a polished red stone, like marble, so pierced that one end serves to hold the tobacco, while the other is fastened on the stem, which is a stick two feet long, as thick as a common cane, and pierced in the middle; it is ornamented with the head and neck of different birds of beautiful plumage; they also add large feathers of red and green and other colors, with which it is all covered. They esteem it peculiarly, because they regard it as the calumet, or pipe, of the sun; and, in fact, they present it to him to smoke when they wish to obtain calm, or rain, or fair weather."

Leaving the Illinois one afternoon, about the end of June, they embarked in sight of the whole admiring tribe, and, following the river, reached the mouth of the muddy Missouri. They were the first white men who had ever gazed on the turbulent waters of this mighty stream. Impressed by the size and majesty of the Missouri Marquette believed and hoped that later, by making a prairie portage of twenty or thirty leagues, he could reach a deep westerly running river that would carry him to the Red Sea (the Gulf of California).

The Missouri, or Pekitanoui, as Marquette called it, was evidently at the flood stage, for he says: "A mass of large trees, entire with branches, real floating islands, came rushing from the mouth of the river so impetuously that we could not pass across without exposing ourselves to great danger. The agitation was so great that the water was all muddy."

Immediately above the site of Alton, Ill., they came in sight of the famous Piasa pictograph, which was totally destroyed about fifty years ago. Of it Marquette wrote: "As we coasted along rocks, frightful for their height and length, we saw painted thereon two monsters, which startled us at first, and on which the boldest Indian dare not gaze long. They have a fearful look, are as large as a calf, have red eyes, the horns of a deer, the beard of a tiger, and the face of a man, while around the scale-covered body was a fish's tail twice encircling it. The two monsters were very well painted in green, red, and black colors, and so high upon the rocks that they were apparently inaccessible to man."

Later they discovered a very rich iron-mine of many veins, one a foot thick, and large masses of metal combined with pebbles; also purple, violet, and red clay, which colored the water a blood red. They now passed the dreaded home of the Manitou, or demon, who devours all who pass; which proved to be a frightful rapid where large detached rocks and a narrow channel caused a furious commotion of the waters tumbling over each other, and a tremendous roaring, which struck terror to the Indian's heart. Passing this, they reached the mouth of the Ohio, which

Marquette calls "Ouaboukidou," on which there were no less than thirty-eight villages of the Chaouanons (Shawnees). A little beyond, Marquette's eye was delighted by the appearance of breaks, wherein the canes were of an exquisite green, with knots crowned by long, narrow-pointed leaves. At every landing the keen eyes of the Canadian explorers searched out everything that was new or that seemed suitable for food; so we find the persimmon and the chicopin and other fruits and nuts described in detail.

By this time, in early July, they found themselves suffering from the double annoyance of mosquitoes and the excessive and insupportable heat of the sun, from which they sheltered themselves as best they could by making a kind of cabin with their sails, while their canoes were borne on by the current.

Finally they perceived on the river-bank Indians armed with guns, who awaited their approach. Joliet, ready either for peace or war, put Marquette forward with his feathered peace calumet upraised, while the rest stood to arms, ready to fire on the first volley of the savages. Marquette hailed them in Huron, and the party was not only peacefully received, but invited to their village and presented with food of various kinds. Joliet found among them guns, axes, hoes, powder, etc., and was assured that they bought cloth and other articles from Europeans to the east, doubtless the Spaniards of Florida. Marquette was troubled to find they had received no instruction in the faith, which, as far as he could, he gave them.

Being assured that the sea was not more than ten days' journey distant, they were greatly encouraged, and instead of drifting with the current, took up their paddles with renewed ardor.

Passing beyond the prairie land, they found both sides of the river lined with dense woods, wherein the cottonwood, elm, and white-wood were of such height and size as to excite their admiration. That the forests were not dense seemed evident from the bellowing of cattle behind the fringe of trees, which were enlivened for our travellers by flocks of quail along the water's edge and an occasional parrot with its brilliant coloring of red, yellow, and green.

Nearing the mouth of the Arkansas, they saw on the river-bank an Indian village called Mithiganea, near which Joliet and his party had an exciting and fearful experience, which Marquette thus describes:

"We heard from afar the Indians exciting one another to the combat by continual yells. They were armed with bows, arrows, axes, war-clubs, and bucklers, and prepared to attack us by land and water. Some embarked in large wooden canoes, a part to ascend, the rest to descend, the river, so as to cut our way and surround us completely. Those on shore kept going and coming, as if about to begin the attack. In fact, some young men sprang into the water to come and seize my canoe, but the current having compelled them to return to the shore, one of them threw his war club at us, but it passed over our heads without doing us any harm. In vain I showed the calumet, and made gestures to explain

that we had not come as enemies. The alarm continued, and they were about to pierce us from all sides with their arrows, when God suddenly touched the hearts of the old men on the water side, doubtless at the sight of our calumet, which at the distance they had not distinguished; but as I showed it continually, they were touched, restrained the ardor of their youth, and two of the chiefs, having thrown their bows and quivers into our canoe, and as it were at our feet, entered and brought us to the shore, where we disembarked, not without fear on our part."

An old chief was at last found who spoke a little Illinois, and through him they were told that they could get full information regarding the sea at another great village called Akamsea, about ten leagues down the river. Presents were exchanged and the night passed among them with some uneasiness. The loving missionary spirit of Marquette is shown here for, he says: "I know not whether they understood what I told them of God and the things which concerned their salvation. It is a seed cast in the earth which will bear its fruit in season."

At Akamsea (Arkansas) they were received by the sachem holding up a peace calumet, after which they had the customary smoke and a repast of different dishes made of Indian corn. Presents were interchanged and speeches made through a young Indian who understood Illinois. The whole day was spent in feasting, and the dishes of Indian corn were continuously supplemented by pieces of dog flesh.

Joliet and Marquette learned from them that the sea was only

ten days' journey distant for the Indians, which meant five days for our explorers in their birch canoes. They further set forth the very great danger of passing on, owing to the continual war parties moving along the river. A secret council of the sachems with a view to killing the party for plunder was only broken up through the influence of the chief, who, sending for the explorers, danced a calumet dance as a mark of perfect assurance, and then to remove all fears, presented his peace calumet to Marquette as a guarantee of safety.

The famous calumet dance is performed only on important occasions – to strengthen peace, for a war assembly, at public rejoicings, and in honor of important personages or invited strangers. The principal features are, first, a dance; second, a mock combat; third, a self-laudatory speech, during all of which the pipe plays an important part, being smoked and handled to the measured cadence of voices and drums.

Joliet and Marquette now took counsel together as to whether they should continue their voyage in face of such adverse conditions or turn back. Finally, after long and careful consideration it was decided to return.

They realized that in their present latitude, 33° 40′ N., they could not be more than two or three days from the sea, and that the Mississippi, by its general course, undoubtedly flowed into the Gulf of Mexico, and not into the South Sea through California.

Neglecting the dangers from warlike Indians along the lower

river, they considered, moreover, that they risked losing the fruit of this voyage if they should throw themselves into the hands of the Spaniards, who would at least imprison them.

Joliet's farthest was on the east bank, opposite a river, probably the Arkansas, and could not have been far from the point where De Soto more than a hundred years before, in April, 1541, reached the Mississippi. What a contrast between the means and experiences of these two explorers! De Soto, a noble Spaniard, with an armament of ten vessels equipped with all the paraphernalia of war, having, with three hundred and fifty horsemen, a thousand picked men in mail who had been chosen from the flower of the Spanish and Portuguese nobility. His followers were animated by ambition, eager seekers for wealth and power, their track marked by fire and sword, their action often treacherous and always characterized by the savageness of their age. They reaped the natural harvest, and although they reached the Mississippi, yet constant warfare, continued privations, toil, and disasters had sadly wasted their strength and numbers, and finally not one man in four ever reached again a Spanish settlement. Joliet, an American of humble birth, with two frail canoes equipped only with an ordinary hunting outfit, had six followers who, inspired by neither hope of gold nor desire of conquest other than that of a spiritual kind, came with peace and confidence, were received by all tribes with hospitality, and returned to their own without harm or contumely.

The result of De Soto's work was an unprofitable, soon-

forgotten discovery, utterly barren of results. Joliet reduced the fables of the Indians to facts, discovered the muddy Missouri, and what is more, gave definite knowledge to the world of the fertile valleys of the Mississippi basin, wherein he planted the first germs of civilization, which speedily took the practical form of missions and settlements.

After a day's rest, Joliet and his party left Akamsea July 17th, and tediously retraced their course against the strong currents of the Mississippi. Through the advice of the Indians they quitted the great river at the mouth of the Illinois, which greatly shortened their way and brought them with little trouble to the present site of Chicago, they passing on the way through an Illinois town, Kaskaskia, of seventy-four cabins, from which an escort of braves guided them to Lake Michigan.

Marquette appears to have had a prophetic eye for the great future of the present State of Illinois, for he says, "We have seen nothing like this river for the fertility of the land, its prairies, woods, wild cattle, deer, wild-cats, bustards, swans, ducks, parrots, and even beaver; its many little lakes and rivers."

Coasting the shores of Lake Michigan, the end of September, 1673, brought them to Green Bay, where the rude comforts of a frontier mission and the solace of friendly intercourse were once more theirs. They had been absent four months, and in that time had paddled their frail canoes more than twenty-five hundred miles. Here Marquette remained to recruit his health, impaired by physical hardships, continued exposure, and lack of suitable

food. The hardy Joliet lost no time, however, but pressed on, too eager to report his grand discoveries to Frontenac.

As mentioned in Frontenac's dispatch, the misfortunes of Joliet began when his long and perilous voyage was practically ended. In the rapids of La Chine, near Montreal, his canoe overset; three of his party were drowned, all his papers lost, and he himself narrowly escaped. In a letter to Frontenac he says: "I had escaped every peril from the Indians; I had passed forty-two rapids, and was on the point of disembarking, full of joy at the success of so long and difficult an enterprise, when my canoe capsized after all danger seemed past. I lost two men, an Indian boy and my box of papers within sight of the first French settlements, which I had left almost two years before. Nothing now remains to me but my life and the ardent desire to employ it on any service which you may be pleased to direct."

We have to rest content with the graphic account written by Marquette, as it was impossible for Joliet to reproduce his lost journal. As regards the map, his natural and acquired skill in cartography was such that Joliet reproduced his discoveries in the shape of a small map, which he presented to Frontenac, by whom it was sent to Colbert, with a despatch dated November 14, 1674, and now is in the famous Chart Office at Paris. It is entitled, "Map of the Discovery of Sieur Joliet," etc., and has a brief explanatory letter thereon, from which I have quoted above.

Joliet's discoveries were most joyfully received in France, Colbert especially appreciating their value and importance both

as regards the extent and fertility of the countries traversed and also as to the easy water communication therewith. It afforded an opportunity of extending the limits of French possessions in America, which was not neglected. It did not fall, however, to Joliet to play any part in this great work, which was the lot of his great rival, the energetic, persistent, and far-seeing La Salle, who received in 1678 a royal patent with seignorial rights over all lands which he might discover and colonize within twenty years, and who gave Louisiana to the French crown.

The natural despondency of Joliet over the loss of his maps and journals soon gave way to happier experiences; for the following year, October 7, 1675, he married Clare Frances Bissot. His father-in-law, a Canadian, was a wealthy Indian trader, so Joliet naturally resumed his former occupation, and in 1679 made a journey to Hudson Bay by way of the Saguenay. He found the English strongly intrenched in their successful efforts to monopolize the Indian trade of that quarter. The usual attempts to draw Canadians into their service were made in Joliet's case. He not only declined service, but on his return to Quebec made such representations of the inevitable effect of English rivalry, if unopposed, on the trade of Canada, that a competing company was organized by French merchants.

Joliet in the meantime had only received fair words, but after strenuous efforts he succeeded in 1679 in obtaining a grant of the Islands of Mignan, and in the following year the French Government granted him the Island of Anticosti, in the Gulf of

St. Lawrence. Here he established himself with his family, and with six servants engaged in fisheries.

In the course of time he added to his buildings and extended his interests, but his peaceful pursuits were destined to interruption and devastation. In 1690 an English fleet, under command of Sir William Phipps, sailed to attack Quebec, and in course of time anchored at Anticosti. In those days war was waged with utter disregard of the rights of private property. Joliet was then absent. A detachment from the English fleet landed on the island, devastated Joliet's establishment, destroyed his buildings by fire, and even carried away as prisoners his wife and mother-in-law, who fortunately were soon exchanged.

Deprived in a day of the accumulation of years, his future actions showed that age and adversity made but small inroads on his manly spirit. Obliged to exertion for the support of his family, he turned again in his fiftieth year to a voyage of exploration and adventure. A Canadian company contemplated the extension of its seal and whale fisheries to the rugged and dangerous coast of Labrador, then little known, and in 1694 Joliet explored the greater part of this ice-covered and rock-bound coast under the auspices and in the interest of this company.

Some years earlier Joliet had shown his merits as a skilful surveyor and navigator by charting the waters of the St. Lawrence, and when, on his return from Labrador, occupation failed, Frontenac recognized his deserving abilities by naming him for the post of royal pilot of the St. Lawrence, still later

appointing him hydrographer at Quebec.

The emoluments of his royal offices were a mere pittance, and in 1695 he is found on Mignan Islands, where, with his wife, he contracted with his brother-in-law Bissot and other parties with a view of developing his interests both on land and at sea. In 1697 he was granted by the Crown the Seignory of Joliet. This honor he did not long enjoy, for he died, apparently a poor man, in 1699 or 1700. He was fortunate in his burial place, one of the Mignan Islands, which is forever associated with his fame, having been granted him by the French Crown for that great and dangerous voyage which gave to the world its first definite knowledge of the location, extent, and fertility of the great valley of the Mississippi.

While Joliet followed the rugged and peaceful pursuits of his island-home, ill fared it with his vigorous Norman successor. The great La Salle fell under the hand of a mutinous follower, while his fated Texan colony perished totally by desertion, betrayal, and massacre. So relapsed the lower Mississippi into its primal savagery and grandeur, until the domineering energy of the great Canadian, Iberville, awakened it into a vast dominion, to the glory, if not to the profit, of France.

II
PETER LE MOYNE, SIEUR D'IBERVILLE,

Founder of Louisiana

Among the very earliest settlers of Hochelega, now Montreal, was the son of a Norman innkeeper, a young French lad of fifteen, Charles le Moyne, who came to this Indian village in 1641. Apt, strong, daring, and zealous, he soon became one of the most efficient aids to French power. The language, the wood-craft, the arts of the savage soon became his, and added to these such suavity of manner, clearness of perception, and native kindness as made him loved equally by French and savage. As interpreter, soldier, negotiator, and captain of the guard, he rendered such great service to the young and exposed colony as caused him to be made captain of Montreal, and later, in 1668, to be ennobled by Louis XIV. under the title of Sieur of Longueuil. For four years service in the country of the Hurons he received for his entire pay the sum of twenty crowns and his clothing, but he gained also such a knowledge of the possibilities of the country, such an insight into Indian character, and such a wealth

of vigorous manhood as enabled him to acquire during his life an estate that was princely. He did better than this, he married a woman worthy of him, whose family is scarcely known, Catherine Tierry, an adopted daughter of Antoine Primot.

In all the history of American families there is none that has as distinguished and brilliant a history as the twelve sons and two daughters born of this French peasant and the son of a Norman innkeeper in the forests of Canada. The two daughters married nobles, and of the twelve sons nine live distinguished in history, three of them were killed in the service of France, ten of them were ennobled, and four, Iberville, Serigny, Chateauguay, and Bienville the younger, played important parts in the founding of Louisiana.

There were many brilliant and picturesque figures among the actors in the founding of a New France in the wilds of North America, but among them all there was scarcely one whose personality and deeds excited more admiration among his contemporaries, or whose services and career are more deserving of recognition by posterity, than Peter le Moyne, Sieur d'Iberville, third son of Longueuil, who was born on the extreme frontier, at the outpost of Montreal, July 16, 1661. As a soldier he rose to be the leader and idol of his fellow-Canadians; as a sailor he became an extremely skilful navigator, who was acknowledged as one of the greatest of French naval commanders; and as an explorer and administrator he so successfully accomplished his plans as to merit and receive

the title of the Founder of Louisiana.

The freedom, vigor, and wildness of Canadian life developed men early, and Iberville entered the French Navy as midshipman at the age of fourteen. His first service of note, however, was as a soldier in the wilds of his native land, in the Canadian overland campaign to recover possession of an Indian trading post on Hudson Bay, which it was claimed the English had illegally seized. Iberville volunteered for this campaign under De Troye, and exhibited such judgment and vigor as caused him to be put in command of a small party of nine, some say twelve, men with two canoes, wherewith he did not hesitate to attack and compel the unconditional surrender of an English ship manned by fourteen, including the commander of Hudson Bay. St. Helene, his brother, meantime captured another vessel, and with the two as means of transport, the two brothers pushed on to Fort Quitchitchouen, which surrendered after withstanding a sharp cannonade.

These victories not only insured to the French the command of the entire southern part of Hudson Bay, but put them in possession of a vast amount of stores. Indeed, so destructive to English interests were the campaigns of Iberville in 1687-88, that the Hudson Bay Company declared that their actual losses amounted to 108,520 pounds sterling, an enormous sum in the young colonies of that day. The consequential losses must have been very great, for we are told that the value of furs obtained in the trade of one year amounted to 400,000 livres (francs).

Iberville remained in charge of the country which his valor had recaptured, and in 1688, while the Iroquois were ravaging Canada, waged successful war in Hudson Bay. One of his lieutenants, capturing an English official, found on him an order from the London Company to proclaim English sovereignty over the whole bay. Later two ships, with twenty-eight cannon and eight swivels, appeared before St. Anne in order to expel the French. Eventually Iberville compelled the surrender of the English ships, and releasing the smaller vessel for the safe transport of such prisoners as he paroled, himself navigated the larger ship, with eleven Hudson Bay pilots held prisoners, to Quebec through Hudson Strait.

In 1690 Iberville volunteered, under his brother St. Helene, for the retaliatory expedition in mid-winter against Schenectady, wherein a large number of the inhabitants of that unhappy town were ruthlessly massacred by the French and their Indian allies. Iberville seems to have exerted his influence to restrain the savagery of the Indians, and saved the life of at least one Englishman.

It seems that the successes of the young Canadian had attracted attention in France, and when in 1691, through the efforts of the Northern Company, Louis XIV. had decided to recover Port Nelson, Hudson Bay, from the English, Du Tast came to Quebec with fourteen sail, it was with express orders that Iberville should be entrusted with a share of the work and glory. Du Tast objected to such division of honor, and by plausible

objections as to the lateness of the season, although it was only the 16th of July, succeeded in delaying the departure of the expedition for that year.

Iberville seemed determined to show the speciousness of the reasons, for he made a trip to the bay and brought back in 1691 two ships loaded with furs, much to the consolation of Frontenac. He immediately went to France to advance the expedition against Port Nelson, which he knew was much favored at court. Iberville found favor with the king, who gave him two ships for the reduction of Port Nelson, and orders to guard it after reduction.

Delays in France and contrary winds on the Atlantic brought Iberville to Quebec only in October, far too late for the safe navigation of Hudson Bay. To fill in his time he set forth to take Pemaquid, but did not make an attack, this being the only instance in his long career where he failed to show extreme daring, even against desperate odds. The delay of the vessels was unfortunate for France as far as Hudson Bay was concerned, for in 1693 three English vessels attacked and captured St. Anne, with fifty thousand peltries, and again the control of the bay passed from France.

In September, 1694, Iberville, with two ships, la Poli and la Charante, the former commanded by his brother, de Serigny, appeared before Port Nelson, which he was six weeks in approaching owing to the heavy moving ice, which nearly destroyed his vessel. The fort had a double palisade, thirty-two cannon and swivels in the main body, and fourteen cannon in

outer works, the whole manned by fifty-three men. Iberville landed without hesitation, invested the fort with forty Canadians, worked with his usual energy and skill, and in fourteen days he had his outworks established, his batteries placed and mortars in position. His final summons for surrender resulted in the capitulation of the fort, on condition that personal property should be spared and safe transport be given the garrison to England the coming year. His success was saddened for Iberville by the death of the elder Chateauguay, the third of his brothers to fall in the service of his king, who perished while gallantly repelling a sortie of the beleaguered garrison. The name of Port Nelson was changed to Fort Bourbon, and the river was rechristened St. Therese, because, says Jeremie, in his *Relation de la Baie de Hudson*, the capitulation was made on October 14th, the day of that holy saint.

The victory did not prove to be cheap, for scurvy, then the dreaded scourge of the sailor, broke out during the long, dark, excessively cold winter, and caused the death of twenty men. Late the next summer, after waiting to the last moment for the English ships he counted on capturing, and leaving a garrison of sixty-seven at Fort Bourbon, Iberville sailed for Quebec; but the winds were so contrary and his crew so debilitated by scurvy, that he turned his prows to France and fortunately arrived at Rochelle, October 9, 1695.

His victories in Hudson Bay so commended him to the king that Iberville was charged with the reduction and destruction

of the strong fort which James II. of England had erected at Pemaquid, Maine. While on this cruise our Canadian fell in with three English ships near the mouth of the St. John. He unhesitatingly attacked them, dismasted, fired, and captured the flag-ship of the squadron, the Newport, a ship of eighty men and twenty-four guns.

Reinforced by several hundred Indians, as a land and besieging force, Iberville arrived at Pemaquid, August 13, 1696, and invested the fort the next day. He summoned the commander, Colonel Chubb, to capitulate, but that officer replied that, "if the sea was covered with French vessels and the land with Indians, he would not surrender until compelled to do so." Iberville promptly landed, and used such expedition that within the short space of thirteen hours he established his batteries in position and opened fire, when the garrison surrendered on honorable terms. Iberville, doubtless mindful of his experiences at Schenectady, took the wise and humane precaution of quartering his prisoners under the guns of the royal ships, so as to secure them from the fury of his bloodthirsty allies, the Indians, who desired to supplement the entire destruction of the fort by the slaughter of the garrison.

In withdrawing from the demolished post, while doubling the island at the mouth of the Penobscot, he had an opportunity of justifying his reputation as the most skilful officer in the French service; for, falling in with an English squadron of seven sail, he successfully evaded them by bold seamanship along the very

coast line of that dangerous and rock-bound shore.

His capacity as a military commander was now to be tested. Charged by the king to co-operate in the reduction of Newfoundland to French power, Iberville found himself viewed with jealousy by his colleague, Brouillan, governor of Placentia, who assumed entire command, interfered with Iberville's contemplated movements, and declared that his own troops, the Canadians, should not accompany him on the opening campaign.

Iberville realizing the necessity of zealous and concerted action in an enterprise of such importance, decided to leave the field free to Brouillan, and so announced his intention of returning to France. Immediately the Canadians declared to a man that they were bound to him alone, that Frontenac's orders recognized Iberville as commander, and finally, that they would return to Quebec sooner than accept another. Brouillan recognizing that Iberville was the idol of his Canadian countrymen, and unable to deny that the king had confided all the enterprises to be undertaken during the winter to Iberville, made such concessions as brought about reconciliation; nevertheless the campaign undertaken against St. John's was marked by dissension. Iberville displayed his usual energy and gallantry in the advance and subsequent skirmishes which ultimately resulted in the surrender of St. John's, which was abandoned and destroyed by fire. The campaign was pursued with such energy and success that at the end of two months the English had nothing

left in Newfoundland except Bona Vista and Carbonniere Island. During these operations Iberville displayed marked ability in handling troops, both in the field and during siege operations. His eagerness to share every danger, and willingness to undergo every hardship in common with his troops, endeared him to all and contributed much to the enthusiasm with which his men followed him or obeyed his orders.

In May, 1697, his brother Serigny arrived at Placentia with four vessels, destined for the command of Iberville in a proposed attempt to again reduce Hudson Bay. With these ships – le Pelican, fifty guns; le Palmier, forty guns; le Profond, le Vespe, and a brigantine – Iberville entered the mouth of Hudson Strait on August 3d, and was immediately beset with heavy ice. The floes were driven hither and thither with such violence by the currents that Iberville directed, as the best means of safety, that each vessel should moor itself to the largest attainable iceberg. This expedient saved four of the ships, but an unexpected movement of two large bergs crushed so completely the brigantine that she sank instantly, the crew barely escaping with their lives.

After a besetment of twenty-four days, Iberville succeeded in extricating his vessel from the ice and passed into the bay. He was alone and in utter ignorance of the fate of his consorts, which had been hidden from view by the ice for the past seventeen days. Iberville was not the man to turn back, nor indeed to delay in an expedition which demanded haste, so he pushed on alone and

reached Port Nelson on September 4th.

The next morning he discovered three ships several leagues to the leeward, tacking to enter the harbor. He hoped that they were his consorts, and he at once made signals, which being unanswered showed that the ships were English. It was indeed an English squadron, consisting of the Hampshire, fifty-two guns and two hundred and thirty men; the Hudson Bay, thirty-two guns, and the Deringue, also of thirty-two guns, against which force Iberville had but one ship of fifty guns. It was with reason that, as Jeremie says, "they flattered themselves with the idea of capturing Iberville, seeing that they were three to one, and they were amazed at the boldness with which he attacked them."

Indeed, almost any other officer in the French navy would have considered an attack as simply madness, but such desperate odds only served to stimulate to the highest degree the known courage and skill of Iberville. He cleared his decks for action, and instantly quitting the shelter and supposed advantage of the harbor, attacked the English squadron in the open sea, where Iberville doubtless counted that his skill in handling ship would inure to his benefit.

Charlevoix thus describes this desperate fight:

"The cannonade opened about half-past nine in the morning and was kept up incessantly till one with great vigor on both sides. Meanwhile the Pelican had only one man killed and seventeen wounded. Then Iberville, who had kept the weather-gauge, bore down straight on the two frigates, pouring in several broadsides

at close quarters in order to disable them. At that moment he perceived the third, the Hampshire, coming on with twenty-six guns in battery on each side, with a crew of two hundred and thirty men.

"He at once proceeded to meet her, all his guns pointed to sink her, ran under her lee, yard-arm to yard-arm, and having brought his ship to, poured in his broadside. This was done so effectively that the Hampshire, after keeping on about her own length, went down. Iberville at once wore and turned on the Hudson Bay, the ship of the remaining two that could most easily enter St. Teresa River; but as he was on the point of boarding her, the commandant struck his flag and surrendered.

"Iberville then gave chase to the Deringue, the third, which was escaping to the northeast, and which was only a good cannon-shot off; but as that vessel was as good a sailor as his own ship he soon gave up the chase, not daring to crowd sail, having had much of his rigging cut, two pumps burst, his shrouds considerably injured, hull cut up by seven cannon-balls and pierced at the water's edge, with no way of stopping the leak. He accordingly veered and sent the Sieur de la Sale in his boat with twenty-five men to man the prize. He then proceeded to repair damage, and having done so with great expedition, he renewed the chase of the enemy, who was now three leagues off.

"He began to gain on him when, in the evening, the wind changed to the north, and a thick fog suddenly rising, he lost sight of the Deringue. This accident compelled him to rejoin the

Hudson Bay, and he anchored near the Hampshire, now almost out of sight, and from which not a soul had been saved."

In this fight with an enemy more than twice his superior in guns and men Iberville had sunk one ship, captured another, and put the third to flight; but this was followed by other experiences, which at the outset presented conditions apparently not less desperate and discouraging. Two days later, pending his siege operations against Port Nelson, a violent gale arose, in which, says Charlevoix, "In spite of all d'Iberville's efforts to ride it out – and there was not, perhaps, in the French navy one more skilful in handling a ship – he was driven ashore with his vessel, the Pelican, and his prize, the Hudson Bay. The misfortune happened at night, the darkness increasing the horrors of the storm and preventing them from beaching the vessels at a favorable place and so saving them, and before the break of day they broke up and filled."

Both vessels were crowded with wounded men and prisoners, who endeavored as best they could to reach the shore in the storm and darkness. Twenty-three perished in the attempt, but fortunately the receding tide left such shallows that the rest reached shore, and most of the prisoners successfully sought the friendly shelter of Fort Nelson.

Iberville now found himself in most desperate plight – shipwrecked on a barren coast, with a hostile garrison on land, the return of the English ship at sea possible, and destitute of provisions. He turned to the wrecked vessels and found that it

was possible to obtain from them cannon and other munitions of war, and, undismayed, he set his cold, wet, and hungry crew at this task, resolved to obtain food by carrying the English fort by assault. At this juncture his missing vessels, having extricated themselves from the ice of Hudson Strait, appeared, and the fort surrendered without putting Iberville to the last proof of his courage.

As might be expected, Iberville became the hero of the day on his return to France in 1697; but true to himself and his career, he sought the influence of friends at court only to obtain other difficult and dangerous service that might add to the glory of France. He was now to enter on a new career as an explorer, colonizer, and administrator, where, if he was to perform less brilliant deeds than in earlier life, he was destined to open up to settlement by his countrymen the fertile lands of Louisiana, and thus lay the foundations of its future greatness.

It was now twelve years since the tragic fate of La Salle's colony on the coast of Texas had spread dismay and terror among all who had been especially interested in the scheme of French colonization on the Mississippi River. The sentiment seemed to be that the mouth of the great river could never be found and that further effort would only result in useless sacrifice of life and vessels. With the march of time, however, these impressions of doubt and disaster had faded out of mind, and as now the attention of the ministry was especially turned to that part of Louisiana which could be reached from the St. Lawrence, it

appeared to Iberville to be a suitable season to revive the project of discovering the mouth of the Mississippi and of planting a colony.

A plan for the colonization of Louisiana was formally submitted to the French Government by M. de Remonville, while Iberville for his part pledged his reputation as a navigator both to find the mouth of the Mississippi and to successfully plant there a colony. The ministry were easily persuaded that the scheme was practicable and advantageous, their decision being doubtless affected by the knowledge that both Spain and England contemplated the early settlement of the northern coasts of the Gulf of Mexico. It was even reported, as afterward transpired to be the truth, that colonizing expeditions were already en route, and in order to insure protection should Iberville first reach the ground, Count Pontchartrain projected and arranged for the construction of a fort at the mouth of the Mississippi.

As was always the case, schemes of trade were interwoven with the policy of colonization and extension of the royal domain. The principal objects of the trade proved fanciful or chimerical, being, first, the idea of making bison wool an article of trade, a scheme fostered in France by La Salle, and, second, in the hope that valuable pearl fisheries might be found. In Iberville's instructions we find that "one of the great objects proposed to the king, when he was urged to discover the mouth of the Mississippi, was to obtain wool from the cattle (buffalo) of that country, and for this purpose these animals must be tamed and

parked and the calves sent to France."

Iberville worked with his usual energy, and the expedition, consisting of two small frigates, the Badine, the Marin, and two Norman fishing-boats, sailed from Brest, October 4, 1698. It was Friday, but Iberville no more than Columbus minded the day, and in the reluctance of the other vessels, himself led in the Badine.

A storm off Madeira caused the disappearance of one of the fishing-boats, but after a short search Iberville tarried no more than he did in the Hudson Straits for his missing consort, but pushed on and reached San Domingo early in December. Here the governor, Ducasse, was so impressed with Iberville's elucidation of his projects that he expressed to the home government his opinion that the views and genius of Iberville seemed to equal his valor in war.

English vessels had been cruising in the neighborhood of San Domingo, which led Iberville to believe that it was a colonizing expedition, so he worked day and night in completing his preparations, and on January 1, 1699, sailed for the Gulf of Mexico. On the afternoon of the twenty-third day, Iberville as usual leading, land was sighted in the northeast. It proved to be the harbor of Pensacola, where Iberville was chagrined to find himself preceded by a Spanish colony under command of Don Andres de la Riola. There were two frigates yet in the harbor, which four months before had brought up three hundred colonists from Vera Cruz. The half-finished fort, the dissatisfied

garrison, and the uncertainty of the future explorations to the westward were so many inducements for Iberville to drive out the Spaniards and secure the harbor. Iberville made arrangements to enter the harbor, but was notified by the Spanish governor that he had formal orders from Spain to permit no foreign ships to enter the harbor. Under pretence that he feared heavy weather the French fleet sounded the entrance to the harbor and prepared to enter. The Spanish commander, however, begged that they would retire, and fortunately having been given information by the Spanish pilot, Iberville decided to sail to the west. Iberville, exploring the coast, anchored at the eastern point of the entrance to Mobile Bay, where violent gales nearly destroyed the squadron.

Reconnoitring boats giving such unsatisfactory reports of the depth of the channel, Iberville determined, with his usual energy, to survey it himself. Taking his younger brother Bienville and a crew of his faithful Canadians he started, despite approaching darkness, so as to begin work at day-light; the storm breaking with great violence, Iberville's efforts to make headway over the billows were in vain. Finally, his rowers exhausted, the boat was turned to the nearest land, but the sea was so high and the wind so violent that unceasing efforts were needful to prevent the boat from swamping. It was due to Iberville's great skill that the boat was finally beached in a favorable spot on the sandy beach, which the crew reached with difficulty, so exhausted were they with their struggles. Here they were weather-bound three days, and so

had an opportunity to explore the island. It was with horror that they discovered in one place ghastly piles of human bones and skulls, mute witnesses of a scene of slaughter, which terrified many of the crew until they found the island to be uninhabited. The island, now known as Dauphin, was called Massacre by Iberville, who, undisturbed by the sight, visited the mainland with a few of his men and made every effort to discover the inhabitants, of whom he found recent traces.

Finally came good weather, and with it the continued voyage to the west brought the fleet to safe anchorage on a bright February morn off Ship Island. The live-stock landed, Iberville gave his freight consorts permission to return to France, while he explored the mainland that now lay fair and bright before him. The Indians were communicated with, after many failures, but, beyond the discovery of the Pascagoula and reports of a larger river to the west, which the Bayagoula Indians called Malbouchia, no valuable information was obtained. Iberville planned to reach the great river by one of its reported outlets, and, following the main channel down, thus learn the way for his vessel; but, the Indians giving him the slip, it only remained to search every foot of the coast until the river was gained. He was thus thrown on his own resources, which had never failed and were not to do so now. Iberville, with his brother Bienville and fifty picked men, largely Canadians, and twenty days' provisions, started February 27th, on two Biscayennes or barges, for his difficult task, the discovery of the mouth of the Mississippi.

It is useless to detail this journey of Iberville through an apparently endless maze of islets, mud-banks, sand-banks, reefs, and marshy shoals, which go to make up the great level delta of the Mississippi. It would, even to-day, be a difficult search for most mariners without a chart, but then well-nigh impossible. Iberville's skill and patience were tasked to the utmost, and, when he did find the mouth of the great river, it almost seemed to be by the intervention of Providence. On the eve of March 3, 1699, while struggling along the mainland, to which they persistently clung, the violence of an increasing gale threatened to swamp their barges, despite every effort, if they kept off shore, while every approach to watch the shore-line, and thus make certain of the river-mouth, incurred danger of beaching and destruction. Darkness came on and the gale increased, making certain, as it seemed to them, that they must choose death at sea or death on land. Suddenly Iberville put his barge before the wind, and into the face of death as his followers thought, but it shot between huge piles of interlaced drift-wood into a turbid stream of whitish water. Iberville put out his hand and tasted. The water was fresh, and the Mississippi was rediscovered.

The Spaniards had spoken of the river as La Palisada, which Iberville thought most appropriate when he saw the bristling barricades of huge jagged trees with outstretched limbs and contorted roots borne incessantly onward by the strong current.

Iberville camped that night at the edge of the dense rank sedge-growth, saying: "Stretched on the sedges and sheltered

from the gale, our pleasure is so much the greater that we feel our escape from a great peril. It is a very lively business, this exploring the unknown shores of a sea in shallops too small to carry sail in the open sea, too tiny to anchor, and yet so large that they strand and ground half a league from land."

The next morn was that of Mardi-Gras, when our devout explorers celebrated mass, sang joyfully the Te Deum and raised a commemorative cross before voyaging further.

Never in their wildest dreams could the hardy Canadian explorers from their marshy camp in the delta of the Mississippi ever have presaged, that in the coming time, from the many millions of future inhabitants in the Valley of the Mississippi should be gathered tens of thousands to celebrate the merry day of carnival in the metropolitan city that was to spring up from their memorable voyage.

The Mississippi was near its high stage, so that travel was tediously slow, mostly by oar. The land rose somewhat, the sedge gave way first to cane and willows, and later to richly foliaged trees with graceful festoons pleasing to the eye and fruitful of promise in the coming autumn. The country, largely flooded, would have seemed uninhabited save for the Indian ferry-boats, bundles of cane pointed at both ends and fastened together by crossbars of wood, and an occasional column of smoke rising in the distant blue. The rapid current obliged the oarsmen to hug the bank closely, while diminishing food and increasing piles of drift-wood discouraged them; but the indomitable Iberville

cheered on his Canadians, and on the fifth day, some thirty-five leagues from the river's mouth, six pirogues, or canoes, full of Indians were seen. The savages fled, but one was captured, and through him communication and friendly overtures were established with the Annochys. Through these Indians Iberville was taken to the present site of New Orleans and was shown the portage over which the Indians travelled to Lake Pontchartrain, and thence to the bay where the ship was at anchor. Farther up the stream Iberville visited the village of the Bayougoulas, which consisted of about two hundred souls. The men, well made, with short hair and painted faces, stalked around most unconcernedly in a naked state. The women blackened their teeth, tied up their hair in a top-knot, tattooed their faces and breasts, and wore girdles woven of bark fibre, dyed red or bleached white, with pendulous fringes reaching to the knee. The ornaments of the women were metal bracelets and bangles and fancy articles made of feathers, while the young braves wore sashes of feathers, which, weighted with bits of metal, made merry sound as they danced. In short, they were an inoffensive folk, content with the simple fruits of the earth, which largely served as their sustenance.

Iberville visited one of their temples, a structure some thirty feet in diameter, which Charlevoix describes as follows: "In the centre were slowly burning logs (keeping up a perpetual fire), and at the end a platform on which lay skins of deer, buffalo, and bear, offerings to the Chouchouacha (the opossum), the

god of the Bayougoulas, which animal was painted in red and black at various points in the temple. The roof was decorated with the figures of various animals, among which a red fox was conspicuous. On either side of the entrance were other animal figures, such as bears and wolves and also various birds, but above all the Chouchouacha (the opossum), an animal about the size and having the head of the sucking pig, the white and gray fur of the badger, the tail of the rat, the paws of an ape, and a sack under its stomach."

The great discrepancies between the topography of the river and the descriptions given in the accounts of the journeys of La Salle and Tonti so impressed Iberville that he was really doubtful if he was on the Mississippi, and so his journey was pursued up the river to the Oumas, a short distance below the mouth of the Red River. Fortunately his brother, Bienville, obtained from an Indian chief a letter, which the savage had carried for thirteen years, given him by Tonti, who descended the river from Illinois in 1686 and left this letter addressed to La Salle, whose active and loyal assistant Tonti was.

Iberville was now over seven hundred miles distant from his ship, and his original stock of provisions was exhausted, so that the men were obliged to live on the corn of the Indians and such meat or game as could be bought or killed. Sending his men back by the delta with the barges, Iberville decided to try himself the route of portages to the Gulf. With an Indian guide he entered the Ascantia, a narrow, winding bayou, where with

his four Canadians and two pirogues fifty portages over fallen trees and drift were made the first day in a distance of seven leagues. It is not surprising that the Indian guide, unaccustomed to such tremendous labor and fatigue, deserted the second day. Iberville none the less pushed on undauntedly, confident that he could reach his ship through this unknown country, guide or no guide. Next, one of his hardy Canadians fell sick, and Iberville took his place and oar, and in the portages carried his end of a pirogue. After eighty portages they passed into Lake Maurepas and next into Lake Pontchartrain, whence the way was easy to the ship, which was reached eight hours in advance of the barges from the delta.

In his absence of six weeks Iberville had found again the Mississippi, explored its shores almost to the Red River, made friends with all its native tribes, discovered the short route to the sea, travelled about fifteen hundred miles, and had returned to his ship with every man of his party. What volumes these few facts speak for the energy, tact, skill, and foresight of this wonderful Canadian!

Casting about for a convenient spot Iberville decided to build his fort at the head of Biloxi Bay, and in this unfortunate location, under the spurring supervision of the chief, Fort Biloxi soon rose, and there on Easter Sunday mass was celebrated, vespers sung, and a sermon preached. On May 2, 1700, Iberville sailed for France, leaving his lieutenant, Sauvole, as the first governor of the province of Louisiana and Bienville second in command.

The action of France and the desperate haste of Iberville in occupying the mouth of the Mississippi were most timely. The very month in which our Canadian sailed from Brest an expedition left England under the auspices of Mr. Cox, who sent out three vessels loaded with emigrants. They wintered in the Carolinas, where many settled, but in 1700 two ships continued their voyage to the Mississippi. One of these vessels was commanded by a Captain Banks, who once captured by Iberville in Hudson Bay now found himself worsted by his rival in the peaceful work of colonization. One of the English ships appeared in the lower Mississippi, into which Banks had found entrance, in September, 1700. Bienville, with five men and two pirogues, met the English vessel, and setting forth to the captain that France was in possession of all the surrounding country, succeeded either by argument or cajolery in persuading the captain to withdraw from the Mississippi.

Iberville was not long delayed by the delights and pleasures of the French court, but speedily returned to Biloxi, where he arrived on the eve of Twelfth Night with supplies, and more important of all, with sixty hardy and energetic Canadians, with whom he established a fort a short distance below the present site of New Orleans. The winter proved a very cold one, the drinking-water freezing in the cups, but it did not delay the rapid progress of the new fort. In the midst of this work Chevalier de Tonti arrived with twenty Canadians from their former settlement in Illinois.

Thus for the first time, with intercommunication established between the permanent settlement in Illinois, Tonti's fort on the Arkansas, and the new colony at the mouth of the Mississippi, Iberville felt that France had indeed entered into actual possession of its great province of Louisiana. He realized, however, the necessity of permanently connecting these settlements, many hundred miles apart, and of facilitating intercommunication through the establishment of intermediate posts.

Iberville contemplated an exploration of the Red River, thinking it might afford access to the gold and silver mines of New Spain, but abandoned the project owing to the representations of the Indians that the river was unnavigable from the interlaced drift-wood, later known as rafts. He turned his attention to the main river, the Mississippi, and visited the Natchez, a brave and powerful tribe of Indians, whose country delighted his heart as resembling France, and where he planned a city to be called Rosalie (now Natchez), which, however, it was not his fate to ever see take definite form, as it was only built long after his death, in 1714, by his brother Bienville. It was at this time that Le Sueur, sent up the Mississippi by Iberville, discovered the St. Peter River, in Minnesota, and attempting mining operations, later brought back a worthless cargo of green earth. To Iberville's credit, it may be said, he viewed this and many other similar schemes of development with a sceptical and practical eye.

Later he sent his brother Bienville across country to explore the Red River, which was done with good success. His priest Montigny was also active in extending the faith, both among the Natchez Indians and in the basin of the Tensas River. Indeed, every effort was made under Iberville's sagacious direction to obtain a knowledge of the possibilities of the country, so that its resources might be properly developed.

Iberville returned to France ill with fever, but despite his disease, he displayed extraordinary energy in personally advancing the practical affairs of his new colony. Moreover, he prepared a memoir urging the cession of Pensacola by Spain to France, which nation was to establish forts and arm the Indians along the Mississippi River, whereby the interior of America from the Gulf of Mexico to Canada would be under French domination, save the narrow strip along the Atlantic coast already occupied by England. It was a sagacious scheme which if it had been properly supported by France would have entirely changed the future of America. It received, however, but a perfunctory support, and only resulted in exciting the jealousy of Spain.

Iberville's last voyage to Louisiana was made in 1701, when his health, undermined by the climate, was impaired by the formation of an abscess which confined him to his bed for two months. His mind worked incessantly, and his activity through other hands was wonderful. He planned the royal magazines on Dauphine Island, located the new post on Mobile River, told off the relief of workmen for the various enterprises, planned flat-

boats for lighters, extended relief to the Spaniards at Vera Cruz, and sent Tonti as an agent to make peace with the Choctaws and Chickasaws and secure them as allies. His sailor's eye was particularly pleased with the magnificent forests of Mobile Bay, where the oaks and pines presented the finest timber for ship-building he had ever seen.

With Mobile commenced, the royal storehouses erected, and the alliance of the Choctaws and Chickasaws secured, Iberville felt that the colony of Louisiana was on a secure foundation, and on March 31st he sailed from Dauphine Island, then the headquarters of that colony for which he had done so much, and which he was destined never again to see.

The domain of Louisiana, obtained by so much heroic endeavor and individual suffering on the part of Joliet, Marquette, La Salle, Tonti, Iberville, and their associates, passed at once, by an edict of Louis XIV., into a monopoly and under the control of a courtier, Anton Crozat, for trading purposes, by the decree of September 14, 1712. In this decree the limits of Louisiana were for the first time defined, including "all the territories by us (France) possessed, and bounded by New Mexico and by those of the English in Carolina… The river St. Louis, formerly called the Mississippi, from the sea-shore to the Illinois, together with the rivers St. Phillipe, formerly called the Missouries, and the St. Jerome, formerly called the Wabash (the Ohio), with all the countries, territories, lakes in the land, and the rivers emptying directly or indirectly into that part of the river

St. Louis. All the said territories, countries, rivers, streams, and islands we will to be and remain comprised under the name of the government of Louisiana."

There was another and blacker page to the decree, whereby Crozat was further authorized to introduce African slavery: "If the aforesaid Sieur Crozat considers it advisable to have negroes in the said country of Louisiana, for agriculture or other use on plantations, he can send a ship each year to trade directly with the Guinea coast, … and is further authorized to sell negroes to the settlers of Louisiana."

But prior to this condition of affairs the great Canadian naval commander had passed to his final reward, having died of yellow fever at Havana, July 9, 1706. The last leaf in his history was, however, an effort, through his personal bravery and skill, to secure French domination in America by driving out of the Antilles the determined English seamen whose successful raids so often militated against the interests of France. Despite his health, undermined by fevers, Iberville left France with a fleet with which he hoped to carry out this great plan. Intending to make a descent upon Barbadoes, he learned that the English, warned of his plans, were prepared for him. He therefore seized on the islands of Nevis and St. Christopher, where his fleet captured an enormous amount of booty of all kinds. He decided next to ravage the English colonies in the Carolinas, but stopping at Havana for reinforcements he lost his own life by the epidemic which destroyed eight hundred others of his fleet.

Among the qualities of this great Canadian all must admire his intrepidity in war, his skill as a navigator, and his capacity as an explorer; but beyond these were the astonishing administrative ability and political sagacity which he displayed in such an eminent degree in the planning, founding, and fostering of the great province of Louisiana.

III
JONATHAN CARVER,

The Explorer of Minnesota

Throughout the bloody series of French and Indian wars which ravaged the frontier settlements of America during the first half of the eighteenth century, France maintained secure possession of the regions of the great lakes and the basin of the upper Mississippi. The successful campaign of the gallant Wolfe against the no less gallant Montcalm ultimately resulted in the termination of French supremacy in these sections, and under the treaty of Paris, in 1763, Canada with all other dominions of France east of the Mississippi passed under the control of Great Britain.

To this time the English colonists had confined their operations almost entirely to the region of the Atlantic Coast, so when Great Britain acquired her immense war-inheritance the country to the west of the Appalachian Mountain range was practically an unknown region to its new masters. The extension of English settlements toward the interior of the continent was determined on by the English Government, and the more accessible of the French trading-posts in the northwest

were immediately occupied. Maps were few and inaccurate, information as to the Indians vague and exaggerated, while nothing was known as to the resources of the country except that furs were obtainable in large numbers.

Scarcely were the terms of the treaty promulgated than the enterprising pioneers moved westward and gradually pressed back the Indians nearest the English settlements. A few other men, however, undertook to penetrate the valley of the Mississippi to the very frontier of Louisiana, which remained a French possession.

Among these hardy and adventurous Americans the most enterprising was Captain Jonathan Carver, who was born in Stillwater, N. Y., in 1732. He was the grandson of William Joseph Carver, one of the earliest of the royal appointments in Connecticut, and his first public service was at the age of eighteen, when he secured an ensigncy in a Connecticut regiment. In 1757, when Colonel Oliver Partridge raised a battalion of infantry in Massachusetts to serve against Canada, Carver was made a lieutenant therein. Later he served as captain under Colonel Whitcomb, in 1760, and under Colonel Saltonstall, in 1762, and participated in the taking of Crown Point and other operations in northern New York.

Doubtless his association with scouts and camp-followers, largely consisting of fur-traders and frontiersmen, induced a lively interest in their accounts of the western country held by their enemies, the Indian and the Frenchman. Certain it is

that Carver acquired such ideas of the extent, fertility, natural wealth, and possibilities of the great and unknown West as fired his adventurous spirit with a firm determination to solve the important geographical problems connected therewith.

His objects, he states, were to gain knowledge concerning the Indian tribes to the west of the Mississippi, to ascertain the natural resources of the country, and to cross the American continent between the forty-third and forty-sixth degrees of north latitude. Ultimately he contemplated the establishment of a trading-post at some suitable point on the Pacific Coast.

Carver was not ignorant of the great danger involved in such an undertaking, where he was obliged to intrust his life to the mercy of unknown Indians for a prolonged time. Indeed, considering his experiences at the massacre of Englishmen and provincials at Fort Henry, it seems surprising that he would ever trust a savage or a Frenchman. In the campaign of 1757, Carver volunteered to accompany the detachment of fifteen hundred men which General Webb sent forward to reinforce the garrison at Fort Henry, then anticipating an attack from Montcalm. The garrison, commanded by the gallant Monro, who resisted until his guns burst and his ammunition was nearly exhausted, surrendered to the combined force of Indians and French under Montcalm, who promised safe conduct and private property. As the English force moved out the next morning the Indians, inflamed by liquor, song, and dance, butchered the sick and wounded and then fell upon the helpless captives, of whom

there were, according to French accounts, about sixty killed and four hundred robbed and maltreated. Montcalm and Levi, to their credit, though too late, made heroic personal efforts which mitigated the horrors of the situation.

Among the unfortunates was Carver, who, robbed and stripped by the savages, appealed to a French sentry for protection only to be repelled with abuse. Realizing finally that to remain quiet was to meet certain death, Carver and a few others attempted to escape by breaking unarmed through the surrounding lines of Indian fiends. In this desperate effort for life Carver was twice wounded, badly beaten, seized by two Indians, and led away to death, which he escaped by the appearance of a British officer in full uniform, who was such a prize that his captors left Carver to secure a more valuable victim. Profiting by the respite Carver fled to the nearest woods, where, exhausted and nearly naked, he concealed himself in a thicket until night. For three days he wandered through the densest part of the forest, suffering tortures from travel under such conditions, often in danger of recapture, and without food until he reached, in a nearly exhausted condition, the English settlements.

An attempt at transcontinental exploration was then looked on as foolhardy and visionary in the extreme, even to those friends of Carver who never deserted him. One of these, Dr. Lettsom, wrote in the third edition of Carver's travels, fifteen years after the journey, as follows: "He suggested an attempt by land across the northwest parts of America, and actually drew

a chart of his proposed route for effecting his project, which, however visionary it may now be deemed, affords at least a proof of the enterprising spirit of Carver."

Unmoved by the sneers of his critics, and undeterred by recollections of Indian cruelty and perfidy, Carver arranged the details of his journey at his private expense, and in June, 1766, he quitted Boston, and travelling by the way of Albany and Niagara reached his headquarters, Michillimackinac, now known as Mackinac. Here he made definite arrangements for his serious work of exploration. At this time English traders extended their journeys to Prairie-du-Chien for the purpose of purchasing furs from Indians rendezvousing there, and with one of these parties Carver was to travel, relying on the Governor of Mackinaw to forward supplies to St. Anthony. Leaving the Fort, September 3d, and travelling by canoe, he reached the islands of the Grand Traverse, and there spent one night. One of the chiefs, to whom a present was given, made, on Carver's departure, the following prayer, which is worthy of reproduction as a specimen of Indian eloquence: "May the Great Spirit favor you with a prosperous voyage; may He give you an unclouded sky and smooth waters by day, and may you lay down by night on a beaver blanket to uninterrupted sleep and pleasant dreams, and may you find continual protection under the calumet of peace."

Carver followed the route of Joliet and Marquette through Green Bay and up Fox River to the great town of the Winnebagoes, where he found the Indians presided over by

a queen instead of a sachem. Carver speaks of the extreme richness of soil and abundance of cultivated products and wild game, mentioning grapes, plums, Indian corn, beans, pumpkins, squashes, watermelons, and tobacco from cultivation; fish from the lake; wild fowl so abundant that frequently the sun would be obscured by them for some minutes together, while deer, bears, and beavers were very numerous. The usual portage was made by him from the Fox to the Wisconsin River, into which his canoes were launched on the 8th of October. Seven days carried him to Prairie-du-Chien, at the junction of the Wisconsin and Mississippi, which was at that time a town of some three hundred families and had become a great trading mart for the adjacent tribes, who assembled in great numbers annually in the latter part of May.

At Prairie-du-Chien Carver parted with the traders, who were to winter at that point, and obtaining a Canadian as interpreter and a Mohawk Indian as a servant, he purchased a canoe, and on October 19th, proceeding up the Mississippi, he fell in with a straggling band of Indians which barely failed of plundering him. November 1st brought him to Lake Pepin, near which he discovered what appeared to be the remains of extended intrenchments, centuries old, as he thought, but which are now known to be Indian mounds, probably erected as sites for their wigwams, so as to keep them above the annual overflow and inundation.

The coming of winter and the forming of river ice obliged

him to quit his canoe opposite the mouth of the St. Peter, or Minnesota River, whence by land he reached the Falls of St. Anthony on November 17, 1766, probably the first white American to visit them.

The noise and appearance of the Falls of St. Anthony impressed Carver very strongly, and his account of them is worthy of reproduction in view of the changes that have taken place within the past one hundred and thirty years:

"This amazing body of waters, which are above 250 yards over, form a most pleasing cataract; they fall perpendicularly about thirty feet, and the rapids below, in the space of 300 yards more, render the descent considerably greater; so that when viewed at a distance, they appear to be much higher than they really are.

"In the middle of the Falls stands a small island about forty feet broad and somewhat longer, on which grow a few cragged hemlock and spruce trees; and about half way between this island and the eastern shore is a rock lying at the very edge of the Fall, in an oblique position, that appears to be about five or six feet broad and thirty or forty long."

Leaving the falls, Carver proceeded up the Mississippi to the mouth of the St. Francis, the farthest of Hennepin in 1680, discovering on the way Rum and Goose Rivers. Warned by the severity of the cold that winter was fast coming on, Carver returned to his canoe at the mouth of the Minnesota River and decided to explore that stream, of which only the lower portion

had ever been visited – by Le Sueur in 1700.

Following the Minnesota about two hundred miles he reached, on December 7th, the winter camp of a large tribe of Indians, about one thousand in number, who were designated by Carver as the Naudowessie (Santees). Advancing boldly, with his calumet of peace fastened to the prow of his canoe, he was received in a friendly manner. After the usual smoking of the pipe of peace, during which he says the tent was nearly broken down by the crowd of savages, who, as a rule, had never seen a white man, he was treated with great respect.

Among these Indians Carver passed the winter, filling in his five months' stay by hunting and other Indian amusements. From the Indians he learned that the St. Lawrence, the Mississippi, and the Bourbon (the Red River of the North) had their sources within thirty miles of each other. This led to the natural but erroneous opinion that Carver had reached the highest land of North America, when in reality he was at an elevation of only twelve hundred feet.

Carver also spoke of "the Oregon, or the River of the West," as having its sources somewhat farther to the west. This is the first time that the word Oregon appears in literature, and Carver gives no account of its meaning.

The Indians had traditions as to the extreme plentifulness of gold to the west of the "Shining Mountains," of which our explorer says, on the strength of Indian reports:

"The mountains that lie to the west of St. Peter are called the

Shining Mountains, from an infinite number of crystal stones of an amazing size with which they are covered and which, when the sun shines full upon them, sparkle so as to be seen at a very great distance."

Carver's enthusiasm and interest in the West led him to make the following striking prediction, which time has fully justified. He says:

"This extraordinary range of mountains is calculated to be more than three thousand miles in length, without any very considerable intervals, which, I believe, surpasses anything of the kind in the other quarters of the globe. Probably, in future ages, they may be found to contain more riches in their bowels than those of Hindostan and Malabar, or than are produced on the golden coast of Guinea, nor will I except even the Peruvian mines. To the west of these mountains, when explored by future Columbuses or Raleighs, may be found other lakes, rivers, and countries, full fraught with all the necessaries or luxuries of life, and where future generations may find an asylum, whether driven from their country by the ravages of lawless tyrants, or by religious persecutions, or reluctantly leaving it to remedy the inconveniences arising from a superabundant increase of inhabitants; whether, I say, impelled by these or allured by hopes of commercial advantages, there is little doubt but their expectations will be fully gratified in these rich and unexhausted climes."

Carver described the valley of the Minnesota as a most

delightful country, abounding with all the necessities of life, which grow spontaneously. Fruit, vegetables, and nuts were represented as being particularly abundant, and the sugar-maple grew in amazing numbers.

In April, 1767, the Santees descended the Minnesota in order, among other things, to bury their dead near a remarkable cave on Lake Pepin, known to the Indians as the "dwelling of the Great Spirit."

Finding that supplies had not been sent to the Falls of St. Anthony, Carver returned to Prairie-du-Chien in order to get sufficient stores to enable him to reach Lake Superior, whence he hoped to be able to cross the continent from Grand Portage. Obtaining such supplies, he proceeded up the Mississippi to the Chippeway River, and, after ascending to its head, made portages to the St. Croix, and reached Lake Superior, possibly by the river now known as the Bois Brule.

From this point Carver, in his canoe, skirted the coast of Lake Superior to the Grand Portage, where he awaited the arrival of the Hudson Bay or northern traders, from whom he anxiously hoped to obtain supplies that would enable him to journey west; but he was destined to disappointment, as nothing could be obtained from them. Carver coasted around the north and east borders of Lake Superior, and arrived at the Falls of Ste. Marie the beginning of October, having skirted nearly twelve hundred miles of the shores of Lake Superior in a birch canoe.

The Sault Ste. Marie was then the resort of the Algonquin

Indians, who frequented the falls on account of the great numbers of whitefish that filled the waters, particularly in the autumn, when that fish leaves the lakes in order to spawn in shallow running waters.

In November, 1767, Carver arrived at Mackinac, having, as he says, "been sixteen months on this extensive tour, travelled nearly four thousand miles, and visited twelve nations of Indians living to the west and north. His picture of Detroit on his return, in 1768, is of retrospective interest.

"The town of Detroit contains upward of one hundred houses. The streets are somewhat regular, and have a range of very convenient and handsome barracks with a spacious parade at the south end. On the west side lies the King's Garden, belonging to the Governor, which is very well laid out, and kept in good order. The fortifications of the town consist of a strong stockade, made of round piles, fixed firmly in the ground, and lined with palisades. These are defended by some small bastions, on which are mounted a few indifferent cannon of an inconsiderable size, just sufficient for its defence against the Indians or an enemy not provided with artillery. The garrison in time of peace consists of two hundred men, commanded by a field-officer, who acts as chief magistrate under the Governor of Canada.

"In the year 1762, in the month of July, it rained on this town and the parts adjacent a sulphurous water of the color and consistency of ink, some of which being collected in bottles, and wrote with, appeared perfectly intelligible on

the paper, and answered every purpose for that useful liquid. Soon after, the Indian wars already spoken of broke out in these parts. I mean not to say that this incident was ominous of them, notwithstanding it is well known that innumerable well-attested instances of extraordinary phenomena, happening before extraordinary events, have been recorded in almost every age by historians of veracity; I only relate the circumstance as a fact, of which I was informed by many persons of undoubted probity, and leave my readers, as I have heretofore done, to draw their own conclusions from it."

It is beyond question that certain chapters of Carver's work, supplementary to his account of his personal explorations, and especially devoted to Indians and to the natural history of the Northwest, are practically translations of the accounts of Charlevoix, Hennepin, and particularly of Lahontan. It does not appear from the first part of the work that Carver was a man endowed with those powers of observation and assimilation which are essential traits for the successful traveller and author.

When the brief recital of his personal travels is examined, it seems difficult to determine on what grounds his truthfulness has been questioned by a few hostile critics. His story is simple and straightforward, devoid of boastfulness, free from any exaggeration as to his personal prowess, and the statement that he passed a winter of five months in the valley of the Upper Minnesota is, in my opinion, worthy of entire credence.

Fortunately, however, evidence of the most convincing

character exists as to Carver's residence among the Naudowessies or Santees. The exhaustive bibliography of the Siouan languages, by Mr. James C. Pilling, indicates that Carver is the first author who ever published a vocabulary of the Santee tongue, and its length, eight pages, renders it evident that it was an original compilation which must have required considerable time and patience.

The importance of Carver's charts and journals at that time was evident to the Lords Commissioners of Trade and Plantations in England to whom Carver was referred when praying for reimbursement of his expenses. Carver appeared before the Board and, after an examination, was granted authority to publish his papers. Later, after Carver had, as he says, disposed of them and they were nearly ready for the press, an order was issued from the Council Board requiring him to immediately turn in all the originals of his charts, journals, and other papers relative to his discoveries.

Meanwhile interest in the extension of English influence into the interior of North America was waning steadily with the growing conviction that the colonies would establish their independence, and the Government had no mind to reimburse an enterprising American, even though he remained loyal. Carver was reduced gradually to the greatest straits, was compelled to sell his book for a pittance, and finally, his end hastened by lack of proper food and suitable attendance, died in the direst poverty in London, January 13, 1780.

His own generation could best judge as to the timeliness and importance of Carver's exploration, and as to the value of the information set forth in his book of travels. Suffice it to say that no less than twenty-three editions of this book have appeared, in four languages. This, too, at a time when the war of independence naturally destroyed current interest in the extension of English settlements in the interior of North America.

Explorations, however, are wisely esteemed by posterity according to the results which flow therefrom in the shape of definite additions to the knowledge of the world or in the more important direction of disclosing lands suitable for colonization. In this latter manner the exploration of Jonathan Carver and the accounts of his travels had an important influence. They first brought into popular and accessible form information and ideas concerning the interior parts of North America which before had been practically inaccessible to the general public of England and America.

Twenty-five years after this journey toward the "Shining Mountains" and "Oregon, the River of the West," the ultimate scheme of Carver found its justification in the success of Alexander Mackenzie, a young Scotchman, who was the first white man to cross the continent of America to the north of Mexico; and yet ten years later Lewis and Clark were despatched on their famous expedition which explored the valley of the Columbia, where in 1810, under the energetic management of John Jacob Astor, arose the trading-post of Astoria, thus turning

into reality the dreams and aspirations of Jonathan Carver, the soldier and explorer.

IV
CAPTAIN ROBERT GRAY,

The Discoverer of the Columbia River

Within the past century no American explorer has contributed more materially to the welfare of the United States and to its maritime glory than Captain Robert Gray, the discoverer of the Columbia River and the first circumnavigator who carried the flag of the United States around the world.

Robert Gray was born at Tiverton, R. I., in May, 1757, and in early youth, inspired with the spirit of independence which dominated the American Colonies, entered the naval service during the war of the Revolution, wherein he served with credit as an officer.

At the termination of the war it is probable that he continued his natural or acquired vocation as a seaman. At all events, we find him first and foremost among that band of American citizens whose courage, energy, and nautical skill enabled them to attain unsurpassed success as whalers and sealers in the Antarctic Ocean, as traders dealing direct with China, or as explorers and fur dealers on the unsurveyed and dangerous coast of northwest America.

In 1787, J. Barrell, S. Brown, C. Bulfinch, J. Darby, C. Hatch, and J, M. Pintard, merchants of Boston, associated for the purpose of combining the fur traffic of the northwest coast of America with the silk and tea trade of China. For this purpose they sent, under the command of Captain John Kendrick, in 1787, the ship Columbia and the sloop Washington with cargoes of blankets, knives, iron bars, and other articles suitable for the northwest trade. They were provided with sea letters issued according to a resolution of Congress, with passports from the State of Massachusetts, and with commendatory letters from the Spanish minister plenipotentiary to the United States.

Captain Kendrick, who commanded the Columbia, was a man of marked ability and great energy, who withal had most enthusiastic opinions as to the future of the Pacific Coast region, which he believed would in a few years utterly dwarf the growing importance of the Atlantic seaboard. Gray was the master of the Washington, and his professional standing in the eyes of the merchants of Boston was shown by his designation as the most desirable officer to assume command in case of death or injury to Captain Kendrick.

Many aspersions have been cast by English writers on the policy pursued and methods followed by Americans engaged in trading with the Indians of the northwest coast of America. Doubtless such reflections were justified in individual cases of Americans, as of traders of other nationality; but the instructions given by the merchants of Boston to Kendrick and Gray show

that fair, honest, and peaceful methods were regarded as the true means of establishing a permanent and profitable trade. Among other injunctions were the following:

"If you make any fort or any improvement of land on the coast, be sure you purchase the soil of the natives… Let the instrument of conveyance bear every authentic mark that circumstances will admit… We cannot forbear to impress on your mind our will and expectation that the most inviolable harmony and friendship may subsist between you and the natives, and that no advantage may be taken of them in trading, but that you endeavor by honest conduct to impress on their minds a friendship for Americans." While enjoining peace, it was not to be a peace on any terms, for thus runs the instructions: "The sea letters from Congress and this State you will show on every proper occasion, and although we expect you will treat all nations with respect and civility, yet we depend you will suffer insult and injury from none without showing that spirit which becomes a free and independent American."

The vessels sailed from Boston September 30, 1787, via the Cape Verde and Faulkland Islands, and in January doubled Cape Horn, when they thought the perils of storm were past. In latitude 59° S., however, a violent gale arose, which not only separated them, but also seriously damaged the Columbia. The storm over, Kendrick found himself in a sad plight, his consort gone, perhaps lost, his ship in an unseaworthy condition, and the nearest spot for repairs a thousand miles distant. This port, that of

the island of Juan Fernandez, if now famous and delightful to the adventurous mind through its associations with the fascinating tale of Robinson Crusoe, was then most objectionable from the fact that it was under Spanish rule and so was to be avoided by Kendrick, whose instructions ran as follows:

"You are strictly enjoined not to touch at any port of the Spanish dominion on the western continent of America, unless driven there by unavoidable accident, in which case you are to give no offence to any of the subjects of his Catholic Majesty."

Kendrick, to his surprise, was received with great kindness and aided in repairing his injured vessel by Don Blas Gonzales, the humane commandant of the Spanish garrison of Juan Fernandez.

Spain at this time claimed the right of exclusive jurisdiction over the entire western continent of America by virtue of the papal concession, 1493, and by right of discovery. It had failed to colonize the northwest coast of America, but it prohibited other nations from entering in possession. It now illustrated its narrow and jealous policy in its treatment of a subordinate who had ventured to assist a vessel in distress and provided with letters from the accredited minister of Spain to the United States. Ambrose O'Higgins, then captain-general of Chili, under whom Gonzales was serving, on hearing of this act recalled him and put him in arrest, pending definite orders from his own superior, Teodor Lacroix, viceroy of Peru. After due consideration of the case the unfortunate commandant, Gonzales, was cashiered for

his remissness in allowing a strange ship to leave Juan Fernandez instead of seizing her and her crew. The viceroy set forth to the captain-general of Chili the legal opinion that by the royal ordinance of November, 1692, every foreign vessel found in those seas without a license from the court of Spain was to be treated as an enemy, even though belonging to a friend or ally of the king, "seeing that no other nation had, or ought to have, any territories, to reach which its vessels should pass around Cape Horn or through Magellan's Straits." The viceroy therefore sent a ship from Callao to track or intercept the Columbia; the authorities on the coasts of Peru and Chili were especially enjoined to be vigilant, and in case any foreign vessel should appear in the country to seize her.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.